

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
GAIL EVERETT, winner of the John S. Lorne costume design prize, comes to New York to find work. Gail's parents are both dead. She has spent the past three years at MISS CRANSTON'S fashionable school for artists—due to Miss Cranston's generosity and friendship for Gail's mother.

Armed with a letter from Lorne, Gail goes to his office and is told he is out of town. **DEREK HARRINGTON**, an artist, overhears this conversation and offers to help Gail. He advises her to go to **MADAME LIETTE'S** shop to apply for a job.

Gail arrives there just after lunch. Madame Liette has learned her designer has gone to Hollywood. Gail gets the job and goes to work next morning. Madame Liette is a trying employer and at the end of the day Gail is discouraged. She forgets this when Derek calls to take her to dinner.

LUCILLE TRAVERS, snobbish classmate of Gail, asks them to join her party.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII

DEREK said insistently, "But it's perfectly all right with me—don't give it another thought!"

They were leaving the Russian restaurant after Gail had refused Lucille Travers' invitation to join her friends.

"But I'm afraid I was rather selfish," Gail objected. "Lucille is frightfully rich. Perhaps if you'd met her friends it might have brought you some commissions for portraits."

"Do you think I'd sacrifice an hour with you for the sake of such a mercenary consideration?"

As they reached the door Gail noticed the woman who had spoken to her the day before in the tearoom—the one who had urged her to see a certain exhibit of paintings. Gail was surprised when Derek acknowledged the woman's jerky little bow most courteously.

It was not until they were outside that he said, "Did you notice that rather unusual looking woman to whom I bowed as we left the restaurant?"

"Yes. Who is she?" Gail asked interestedly.

"Mrs. Morton, the widow of one of America's greatest financiers. She's tremendously rich and takes an interest in young painters, trying to get a start. Art's her hobby. In fact, it was the sale of a little water color to her that set my feet on the ladder."

"How exciting!" said Gail. "But, believe it or not, she spoke to me yesterday!" Quickly she told Derek of their meeting.

"Well, you are having some lucky breaks, for if Mrs. Morton becomes interested in you or your work there isn't a thing she won't do for you."

"Oh, I may never meet her again. It isn't likely I'll be joining the social whirl. I'm afraid my work's going to take most of my time."

"Say, you're not going to make work the whole aim of your existence! I'm going to see to that, right now. How about a little trip Sunday?"

"I'm sorry I can't accept. I've promised to spend the week-end with some friends on Long Island."

"WELL, I hope you have a good time," said Derek as they reached the clubhouse.

"Oh, I guess I will. Thank you for the nicest evening I've had since I came to the big city."

"Glad you enjoyed it. By the way, the Ferrera gallery is to be open one or two evenings next week. The pictures are well worth seeing. Won't you let me take you there?"

"Of course I will, if you're sure you don't mind taking me."

"Mind? Are you fishing, little lady?"

For a precious moment his eyes held hers. Then, withdrawing her hands, Gail ran up the short flight of stone steps.

AS Gail turned the key in the door of her room the green-eyed girl she had seen in the dining room stepped out into the hall. She glanced up and down the hall and then crossed to Gail.

"I've just broken the points of my scissors," she said. "I wonder if I might borrow a pair from you for a moment or two? I'm Natalie Preston," she added, in a carefully modulated voice.

"Of course you may! Come right in."

"What is your work?" asked Natalie, taking a cigaret from the box Gail offered her.

"I design dresses."

"That's interesting! I'm in the advertising line. I write special women's copy for one of the big Fifth Avenue stores. It's not bad, only you don't get around enough—I mean outside the store. And it's real slavery, for we have to work Saturdays, too. I'm trying to get into an agency. You get to know more people that way. Besides I'm fed up writing exclusively about clothes. I loathe them."

GAIL laughed. "Then I guess you don't think much of my line."

"Oh, that's different. You're actually creating—not just raving about creations! Besides, if you're any good at all as a designer you'll make a fortune. Some of the wholesale houses pay fabulous sums to their designers, and they can act just as 'temperamental' as opera stars."

"Surely they're not all like that!" Gail's amber eyes were twinkling as she looked at her guest.

"Oh, there are exceptions, but most of them seem to think they are gifts from heaven and must be handled with care. Are you on your own? But there, you must think I have an awful lot of nerve to cross-question you like this!"

"That's the only way we'll get acquainted. I've just started to

work with Madame Liette."

"Oh, Madame Liette!" Natalie sat forward in her chair. "How ever did you manage to get in there? I hear it's awfully hard even to get an appointment with her to talk about a job! But maybe you had some pull?"

"No," Gail replied, and then revealed the manner in which she had secured her job. "You see, after all, it was only luck," she went on, "and besides, I don't know what may happen tomorrow. It wouldn't surprise me from what I've seen at Madame's if I should lose my job any moment!"

"You don't seem to feel very worried about it."

GAIL shrugged her shoulders. "Had she spoken too freely to this stranger? But, as though the dusky-haired girl had read her thoughts, she started up, taking the scissors with her. When she reached the door, she murmured, 'Hope you don't think I've asked too many questions. You know I don't want to pry into anyone's affairs.'"

"That's all right. All I've told you might be published from the house-top. It's been ever so nice of you to stop and talk to me. Come back any time you like."

Alone again, she summed up the other girl, "A bit nosy, but not a bad sort." Maybe they could go together some time, for undoubtedly Natalie knew the city well. Gail glanced at her traveling clock and saw that it was only half past 10. She would have time to write to Miss Cranston before turning in.

Opening her handbag, she took out her fountain pen, sat down at the desk, and began to write. "There," she exclaimed an hour later as she re-read the letter and, folding it, slipped it into the envelope. "That should satisfy the dear old thing! A wave of color dyed Gail's cheeks when she thought of Derek. She had not mentioned his name!"

(To Be Continued)

Blind Builder



Blind since 8, Leo Anderson, 33, of Berkeley, Calif., who makes his living as a masseur and automobile mechanic, has started work on his life's ambition—building a power cabin cruiser. Doctors say he'll never see the results of his craftsmanship, but friends insist it'll be a real job when completed.

Broker Accused



Joseph Hopkins, 60-year-old broker, accused by several wealthy Los Angeles society women of swindling them out of \$300,000 in jewels. He was arrested after a nationwide search.

Flapper Fannie Says



To get in the matrimonial swim, pool your romantic interest with some young man's.

OUT OUR WAY



AN ANTICIPATOR IS ONE BIRD I'D LIKE TO KICK RIGHT ON THE SHINS—WITH TEN NICE SHARP PENCILS IN YOUR POCKET, THE FIRST MOVE YOU MAKE FOR ONE, HE ALMOST SPEARS YOU WITH A DULL LITTLE STUB—ER A PLUNK CIGARET WITH BURN YOUR NOSE WITH A LIGHTER—ER—OH A DOZEN THINGS

LIKE BEATIN YOU TO PAYIN A BILL IN A RESTRICTION, ER BEATIN YOU TO THE TIRE PUMP, ER TH' HEAVY END OF A LIFT—ER BEATIN YOU TO TH' CARPET BEATER—ER, OH A DOZEN THINGS—BUT I LIKE THEM KIND OF GUYS!

PIPE TH' BBER-BARREL GIRTH AND CABBY-HAT, EXERCISING HIS THUMBS!

IF THAT MILEAGE MOOCHER EVER EASED DOWN INTO YOUR UPHOLSTERY, TH' SPRINGS WOULD BE SO DEPRESSED THEY'D HAVE TH' BLUES FOR A WEEK!

EGAD! A MAN OF MY SENATORIAL BEARING, SUBJECTED TO THE ICY STARES OF PASSING MOTORISTS—SPUT-T-T—SPUT-T-FAP—UPON MY RETURN I SHALL APPLY MY INVENTIVE GENIUS TO A MORE EFFICIENT STOP-SIGNAL THAN THE THUMB!

THUMB FUN, EH, MAJOR?

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE



EGAD! A MAN OF MY SENATORIAL BEARING, SUBJECTED TO THE ICY STARES OF PASSING MOTORISTS—SPUT-T-T—SPUT-T-FAP—UPON MY RETURN I SHALL APPLY MY INVENTIVE GENIUS TO A MORE EFFICIENT STOP-SIGNAL THAN THE THUMB!

THUMB FUN, EH, MAJOR?

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MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



IT'S TRUE, HYSTER-GALAWAY'S ON THE TRACK OF THE REAL BURIAL CHAMBER OF ROHATEP-HIS MUMMY WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND HERE FIFTY YEARS AGO!

THEN—IF HE FINDS IT NOW—THOSE TREASURES WILL BE WORTH MILLIONS!!

PRECISELY—IT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY SINCE TUTANKHAMEN—WE MUST PUT MYRA TO WORK AT ONCE!

MEANWHILE MYRA HAS SUNK INTO AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP IN THE TENT OF SIR GALAWAY'S DAUGHTER, MERLE.

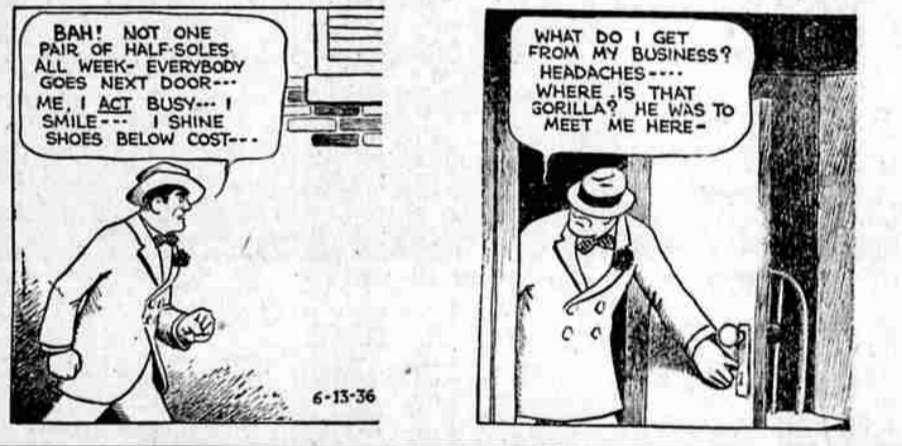
FATHER—PLEASE LET'S POSTPONE THE EXPEDITION UNTIL LATER—I'M CERTAIN THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE FOR NO GOOD— THAT GIRL— SHE IS—

THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS GIRL—SHE SEEMS TO BE IN A SORT OF TRANCE

NONSENSE, CHILD—THEY CAN KNOW ONLY WHAT I'VE TOLD THE AUTHORITIES AT CAIRO— I'VE WORKED YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT!

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BAH! NOT ONE PAIR OF HALF-SOLES ALL WEEK—EVERYBODY GOES NEXT DOOR— ME, I ACT BUSY— I SMILE— I SHINE SHOES BELOW COST—

WHAT DO I GET FROM MY BUSINESS? HEADACHES— WHERE IS THAT GORILLA? HE WAS TO MEET ME HERE—

LISTEN— EVERY DAY THAT GUY RUINS MY BUSINESS MORE—

THAT'S A LAUGH, PAL— YOU CAN'T MUSCLE IN ON HIM, SO HE'S RUINING YOUR BUSINESS, EH?

DID I HIRE YOU TO PREACH ME SERMONS? ARE YOU TRYING TO HAND ME— GEORGE CHISELOPOLIS— THE DOUBLE CROSS?

KEEP YER SHIRT ON, PAL— TO MORROW NIGHT YER FAT NEIGHBOR GETS PUT AWAY—

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



CAN YOU BEAT IT? IF THAT MUTT DIGS UP THE REST OF THE BONES OF THAT SABER-TOOTHED TIGER, WE'LL GET \$100 FROM THE MUSEUM... AND LOOK AT HIM!

GOLLY, HE'S FAST ASLEEP!! WE HAVE TO WATCH HIM EVERY MINUTE! WE WANT HIM TO LEAD US TO THE SPOT WHERE THOSE BONES ARE BURIED!

DAY AFTER DAY HE DRAGGED THEM INTO THE HOUSE AND, NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED THEY'RE WORTH MONEY, HE HASN'T BROUGHT IN ONE!

JUST THINK... \$100 DEPENDS ON THAT DOG! WE DON'T DARE LET HIM OUT OF OUR SIGHT FOR A MINUTE! BUT AS LONG AS HE LIES THERE, HE WON'T DO US A BIT OF GOOD!

WHEN HE DECIDES TO WAKE UP, HELL PROBABLY DASH OUT OF HERE LIKE A STREAK!

YEAH, BUT MEANWHILE, HELL JUST BE CONTENT TO LIE THERE AN WATCH THE SNAILS WHIZ BY!!

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WASH TUBBS



I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW TH' HECK EASY EXPECTS ME TO LEARN WHY A TRUCKA NITROGLYCERIN BLEW UP, WHEN ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A BIG HOLE IN TH' GROUND

SHUCKS, THAT STUFF BLOWS AT THE DROP OF A HAT.

HEY, DEPLTY, THERE'S A GUY WANTS TO SEE YOU.

I-I HESITATE TO SAY ANYTHING, SIR, BUT WHEN DRIVING ALONG THIS ROAD, I SAW A MAN TAMPERING WITH A BRIDGE, HE SAW ME COMING AND HID.

I DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT, THEN I PASSED THE NITRO TRUCK—A BIG RED TRUCK LABELED 'EXPLOSIVES' A MINUTE LATER IT BLEW UP.

THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE AT THE VERY BRIDGE WHERE THAT FELLER WAS TAMPERING! I JUST WONDERED IF MAYBE HE DIDN'T HAVE SUMPIN' TO DO WITH IT.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



SO! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE READING ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN AGAIN! REALLY, MRS. TUTT—SOMETIMES I STRONGLY SUSPECT—WELL, MY GENTLEMANLY INSTINCTS FORBID MY SAYING IT—

OH! IT ISN'T NEARLY AS SILLY AS YOU THINK! LISTEN TO THIS—

MY HUSBAND IS GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL GRUMP A BUTT-IN-SKI A FUMER AND A REGULAR OLD CROSS-PATCH! HE'S A DARLING, BUT SOMETIMES, I'D LIKE TO PULL HIS EARS! WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST? SIGNED— MRS. XYZ

DEAR MRS. XYZ—KEEP YOUR WIG ON! HIT THE BALL MORE AND THE CEILING LESS! JUST IGNORE YOUR HUSBAND, AS YOU'VE BEEN DOING! IN TIME, THAT WILL DRIVE HIM CRAZY, TOO— THEN YOU'LL BOTH SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE.

HMPH—

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BY CRANE

BY MARTIN

BY BLOSSER

BY THOMPSON AND COLL

BY HAROLD GRAY